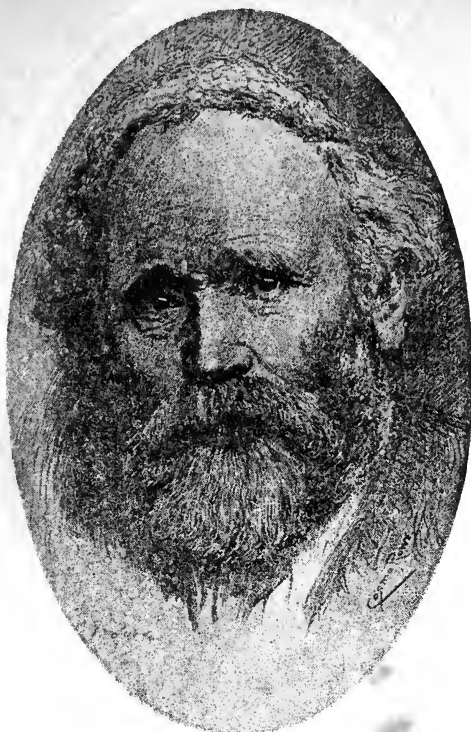


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ELCOME HOME

TO

J. Keir Hardie

M.P.

FROM HIS

WORLD'S TOUR

July 12th, 1907, to

March 23rd, 1908

ROYAL ALBERT HALL
London. April 5th, 1908



Royal Albert Hall
London April 5th, 1908



Souvenir
OF THE
Welcome Home
Demonstration

TO GREET
J. Keir Hardie, M.P.

On his return from his
World Tour



Chairman
J. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P.
(CHAIRMAN I.L.P.)

PROGRAMME



Organ Recital

Commencing 6.30 p.m.

Organist - - - ERNEST DALE,
F.R.C.O., A.R.C.M.

1. Offertoire in E Major - - - *Batiste*
 2. Tocatta and Fugue in D Minor - *Bach*
 3. Melody in E - - - *Ernest Dale*
 4. Thanksgiving March - - *John Hopkins*
-

Meeting

- 7.20. Hymn, "England Arise."
- 7.30. Chairman's Address - - - -
(J. RAMSAY MACDONALD, M.P.)
- 7.40. Messages - - - -
(J. H. HARLEY, Secretary of the M.D.C.
of the I.L.P.).
- 7.45. J. BRUCE GLASIER (Editor of the "Labour
Leader").
- 7.55. Song - "Annie Laurie" - Mrs. COATES
- 8.5. J. KEIR HARDIE, M.P.
- 9.5. J. M. PARIK (London Indian Association).
- 9.15. Miss I. O. FORD.
- 9.25. Hymn, "Sons of Labour," and Collection.
- 9.40. WILL CROOKS, M.P.
- 9.50. Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, M.A.
- 10.0. G. BERNARD SHAW.
- 10.10. GEORGE LANSBURY.
- 10.20. Hymn, "Red Flag."
"Auld Lang Syne."

Annie Laurie

Maxwelton braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew,
An' it's there that Annie Laurie
Gi'ed me her promise true,
Gi'ed me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be ;
An' for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doon an' dee.

Her brow is like the snawdrift,
Her neck is like the swan,
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on,
That e'er the sun shone on ;
An' dark blue is her e'e :
An' for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doon an' dee.

Like dew on the gowan lvin'
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet ;
And like winds in summer sighin'
Her voice is low an' sweet,
Her voice is low and sweet ;
And she's a' the warld to me ;
An' for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doon an' dee.

July, 1907
March, 1908

A Reminiscence and a Welcome



WAY down the river Mersey, the sturdy little tugstuck bravely to her task of keeping in the wake of the giant Pacific Liner "Empress of Britain."

We were eventually beaten off, and the last we saw of our comrade and Leader he was standing on the hurricane deck, megaphone in hand, his farewell message ringing in our ears: "You keep the flag flying high, I'll do the same." Our "We will," mingled with our cheers, and J. Keir Hardie was off on his heart mission of drawing closer together the workers of the world.

Some idea of the extensive character of this effort may be gathered by tracing the following line of travel, with some of the principal points visited :—

CANADA—Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver.

JAPAN—Tokio, Yokahama, Kobe, Osaka, Nara, Nagasaki.

CHINA — Shanghai, Canton, Hong Kong.

STRAITS SETTLEMENTS—Singapore, Penang.

CEYLON—Colombo, Kandy.

INDIA — Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Delhi, Bangalore, Tuticorin, Cawnpur, Lahore, Agra, Lucknow, Puna, Mysore.

WEST AUSTRALIA — Perth, Fremantle, Coolgardie, Calgoorlie.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA — Adelaide, Broken Hill.

NEW SOUTH WALES — Ballarat, Melbourne, Newcastle, Bendigo, Sydney.

NEW ZEALAND—Wellington, Christchurch, Auckland, Dunedin.

SOUTH AFRICA—Durban, Johannesburg, Pretoria, Ladysmith, Bloemfontein, Pietermaritzburg, Cape Town.

The decision to take this upwards of 42,000-mile “scamper round the world” was the result of a serious illness, brought about by over work, and a stern medical ultimatum to Mr. Hardie that he had to make his choice between “resting or dying.” He decided to “rest”!

During the eight months of his absence the Press kept us informed with more or less—usually less—accuracy, as to his progress. Twice, it—or that section which prefers sensation to fact—killed him; “seditious speeches” in India—speeches never delivered—were reported. Details of local riots, resulting from the said speeches—which never took place—were also duly chronicled, followed by a “yellow” demand for Mr. Hardie’s deportation from India, all of which was a source of astonishment to those on the spot, who learned of these things for the first time from the London Press.

While these imaginary speeches were being concocted in the “Pekin” Sensation Manufactory, Mr. Hardie was the

honoured guest of State Governors, European and Native, and other Representative Authorities. Proceeding serenely in the quest of his "rest" cure, he added to his public demonstrations a close investigation into the Industrial, Political, and Social conditions of the workers of the world—white, yellow, brown, and black—for to him the accident of location of birth, of race, of creed, of tongue or of sex, are but incidents that call for, not criticism, not hostility, but co-operation for mutual advancement.

The "Yellow Press," afraid lest the truth should be ascertained, next demanded that he should not be permitted to land in South Africa. Foiled in this, hooligans were hired to personally attack. But Mr. Hardie went, he saw, he conquered—prejudice and slander. He returns to us, we rejoice to believe, physically benefited by his "rest," with an accumulation of first-hand acquired facts, also, what is of equal importance to the cause of Socialism, with the increased confidence and affection of all who know him.

In this spirit, then, we offer heartfelt greetings to this our trusted Comrade. We welcome him back to the homeland; back to those whose affection for him deepens the longer they know him; back to the front fighting line for the cause he loves so well—*Socialism*—for the successful advancement of which no one in our day has done more unselfish work than he.



By permission of the Proprietors of
Vanity Fair.

From Pit to Parliament

JAMES KEIR HARDIE was born at Holly Town, Ayrshire, Scotland, on August 15, 1856. His father and brothers were miners; hence to the mine young Keir went almost as soon as he could walk. He was a doorkeeper at the age of eight, which accounts for the fact that of schooling, in the ordinary sense, he had little. His mother, a splendid type of womanhood, taught him his letters. The bills on the walls, the papers in the shop windows, were his library; the mine his study, where, upon a tile, smoked over the miner's lamp, for his slate, with a sharpened stick for his pen, he carved his way to knowledge and scholastic attainments of no mean order.

His first-saved pence were invested in works of Carlyle and Stuart Mill: from the former he learned to hate pretence, from the latter to love liberty.

At 22 years of age, as the result of a labour dispute, he was dismissed the mine and blacklisted as an "agitator." Denied the opportunity to earn his bread with the pick, he took to the pen. He was appointed Editor of the *Cumnock News*. Later, he founded the *Miner*, and subsequently the *Labour Leader*.

In 1886 he was the Independent candidate at Mid Lanark, where he fired the first shot for the political independence of Labour.

In 1892 he was returned to Parliament for West Ham, with a majority of 1,232 votes. In 1893 he led the way for the formation of the Independent Labour Party at Bradford.

West Ham was lost in 1895. Then followed a tour in America, and the consolidation of the labour forces in Great Britain, with a victory at Merthyr in 1900, where he was re-elected, with an increased majority, in 1906.

Then he realised his heart's desire : a real party of Independence in the British House of Commons, the fruits of whose labours, under his leadership, are too well known to need repetition here.

ON THE KNEE.



Reproduced, by permission, from *The Daily Dispatch*.

The House of Lords passed the second reading of the Trade Disputes Bill without a division.

England, Arise!

ENGLAND, arise! the long, long night is over,
Faint in the East, behold the dawn appear;
Out of your evil dream of toil and sorrow—
Arise, O England, for the day is here;
From your fields and hills,
Hark! the answer swells—
Arise, O England, for the day is here!

People of England! all your valleys call you,
High in the rising sun the lark sings clear,
Will you dream on, let shameful slumber thrall
you?
Will you disown your native land so dear?
Shall it die unheard—
That sweet pleading word?
Arise, O England, for the day is here!

Forth, then, ye heroes, patriots, and lovers;
Comrades of danger, poverty, and scorn!
Mighty in faith of Freedom your great Mother!
Giants refreshed in Joy's new-rising morn!
Come and swell the song,
Silent now so long:
England is risen!—and the day is here.

Edward Carpenter.

Sons of Labour

Sons of Labour, keep ye moving
Onward in the march of mind,
Every step your path improving,
Leaving olden tracks behind.
Every soul-enslaving fetter,
Burst and break and cast away,
That the world may be the better
For your deeds some other day.

Sow good seed, that those who follow
Future blessings yet may reap,
Joy resound o'er hill and hollow
When we all have gone to sleep :
Gems of truth and knowledge gather
On the varied ways ye go ;
Know the present is the father
Of the future weal or woe.

'Mid the strifes and tribulations,
Toils and troubles of the day
Freedom speaks to stir the nations,
Truth asserts her sovereign sway.
Onward, then, my toiling brothers,
With the thoughtful and the true ;
Sisters, ye, as loving mothers,
Have the noblest work to do.

Ever active, ever cheery,
Hope the burden of our song,
Let us help the weak and weary
On the way we move along.
Brighter days than we have seen yet
Dawn upon our Babels old,
Changes greater than have been yet
Time's vast ocean will unfold.

John Macleay Peacock.

The Red Flag

THE people's flag is deepest red ;
It shrouded oft our martyred dead,
And ere their limbs grew stiff or cold
Their heart's blood dyed its ev'ry fold.

Chorus.

Then raise the scarlet standard high !
Within its shade we'll live and die.
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer,
We'll keep the Red Flag flying here.

Look round, the Frenchman loves its blaze ;
The sturdy German chants its praise ;
In Moscow's vaults its hymns are sung ;
Chicago swells the surging throng.

It waved above our infant might
When all ahead seemed dark as night ;
It witnessed many a deed and vow—
We must not change its colour now.

It well recalls the triumphs past ;
It gives the hope of peace at last.
The banner bright, the symbol plain
Of human right and human gain.

With heads uncovered swear we all
To bear it onward till we fall.
Come dungeon dark, or gallows grim,
This song shall be our parting hymn.

J. Connell.

**GARDEN CITY PRESS LIMITED,
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